

NOTE: This newspaper appearance was divided to fill 8 1/2" x 11" pages, roughly in the manner shown below.



Saline 2  
Solution

Wife's Identity of Jealousy  
 Pertains to Her Men  
 'I Don't Cheat' on Him

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**Figure 6**

Figure 6 shows a series of plots related to the analysis of variance for the effect of temperature on the growth rate of *S. aureus*. The top plot displays the mean growth rate (log CFU/h) versus temperature (°C). The bottom plot displays the standard deviation (SD) of the growth rate (log CFU/h) versus temperature (°C).

The top plot shows that the mean growth rate increases with temperature, peaking at approximately 0.8 log CFU/h at 37°C. The bottom plot shows that the SD of the growth rate also increases with temperature, peaking at approximately 0.2 log CFU/h at 37°C.

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1. The first part of the text discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions, including sales, purchases, and expenses. It emphasizes the need for consistency and thoroughness in record-keeping to ensure the reliability of financial data.

2. The second part of the text describes the various methods used to collect and analyze financial data. It mentions the use of surveys, interviews, and focus groups to gather information from different stakeholders. It also discusses the importance of using statistical techniques to analyze the data and identify trends and patterns.

3. The third part of the text discusses the challenges faced in conducting financial research. It mentions the difficulty of obtaining accurate and reliable data, the complexity of financial systems, and the need for specialized expertise in financial analysis. It also discusses the importance of maintaining ethical standards and ensuring the confidentiality of the data.

4. The fourth part of the text discusses the applications of financial research in various fields. It mentions the use of financial research in business decision-making, policy-making, and academic research. It also discusses the importance of financial research in understanding the financial behavior of individuals and organizations.

5. The fifth part of the text discusses the future of financial research. It mentions the increasing use of technology in financial research, the growing importance of data analytics, and the need for continued research in financial systems and behavior. It also discusses the importance of maintaining ethical standards and ensuring the confidentiality of the data.

**THE**

[illegible]

... probably 10-15 years in the  
 future. The first of these is the  
 fact that the world's population  
 is growing at a rapid rate. In  
 1950, the world population was  
 about 2.5 billion. By the year  
 2000, it is estimated to be  
 about 6 billion. This means  
 that there will be a doubling of  
 the world's population in less  
 than 50 years. This rapid growth  
 of the world's population is  
 one of the major factors  
 contributing to the world's  
 environmental problems. The  
 second factor is the increasing  
 consumption of resources. As  
 the world's population grows,  
 the demand for resources such  
 as food, water, and energy  
 increases. This leads to the  
 depletion of natural resources  
 and the pollution of the  
 environment. The third factor  
 is the increasing use of fossil  
 fuels. Fossil fuels are the main  
 source of energy for the world's  
 industrial and transportation  
 sectors. The burning of fossil  
 fuels releases large amounts of  
 carbon dioxide into the  
 atmosphere. This carbon dioxide  
 is a major greenhouse gas  
 that contributes to the  
 warming of the Earth's  
 atmosphere. The combination  
 of these three factors is leading  
 to a rapid deterioration of the  
 world's environment. This is  
 why it is so important to take  
 action now to address these  
 problems.



"Have you been happy with this woman?" Sibyl asked. I rubbed my jaw in silence. "Well?" my wife asked finally. "Answer the question."

**"H**ER name is Sibyl Logan," I said. "And she's determined to be in love with me. I figure she's about 17 or 18."

"Yes, dear," my wife, Arlene, said. "Is tuna casserole all right for supper?"

"I can endure it," I said. I tamped

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His wife tapped him on the arm. "Now, dear," she said. "We aren't supposed to be too friendly. Remember

*Online*



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# Saline Solution

Wife's Lack of Jealousy  
Perturbs Teacher More  
Than Girl's Crush on Him

By Jack Ritchie

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE L. CONNELLY

"**H**ER name is Sibyl Logan," I said. "And she's determined to be in love with me. I figure she's about 17 or 18."

"Yes, dear," my wife, Arlene, said. "Is tuna casserole all right for supper?"

"I can endure it," I said. I tamped tobacco into my pipe and lit it. "She insists on following me around the campus. Every time I look back, there she is, leaning against a tree and looking pathetic."

I waited until my match was cool and then dropped it into the wastebasket under the kitchen sink. "All I want to be is a harmless college instructor. I detest these complications that make you so insanely jealous."

"Not a bone of jealousy in my body," Arlene said, grinning. "I'm always calm and unruffled. I take the mature attitude."

"I like that in you," I said. "I admire that firmly. And at the same time it hurts."

I studied her. "Where did you get that bruise on your cheek?"

She touched it lightly. "I happened to be in the way when I opened the refrigerator door this morning."

The front doorbell rang and I left the kitchen to answer it. My smile froze when I saw Sibyl Logan and a middle-aged couple.

Sibyl smiled wanly. "My parents. But they learned nothing from me. My lips are sealed."

Mr. Logan was a big man with mild blue eyes. He put out his hand. "Pleased to meet you, Mr. Roberts. Nice weather we're having. Good for hunting."

His wife tapped him on the arm. "Now, dear," she said. "We aren't supposed to be too friendly. Remember what Elvira said." She turned to me and smiled. "Elvira's my older sister, you know."

My wife joined me at the door and Mr. Logan removed his hat politely.

"Sibyl wasn't eating right," Mrs. Logan said. "Not even tuna casserole, and that's her favorite. Elvira noticed and she asked among Sibyl's girl friends. She found out that Sibyl is in love with your husband, Mrs. Roberts." Mrs. Logan smiled. "I guess we're supposed to see what this is all about or something, weren't we, Fred? That's what Elvira said."

"I don't care too much for that casserole myself," Mr. Logan said. "It's always too salty."

Sibyl met my eyes and spoke softly. "Whither thou goest, I will go. Thy people shall be my people."

"If you'll look that up," I said, "you'll find that Ruth was talking to her mother-in-law. My mother happens to be in Emporia, Kan. But if you've really got your mind set..."

"For the time being," my wife said, "suppose we all go into the living-room."

When we were all seated, Arlene



turned to Mrs. Logan. "Do you use potato chips?"

Mrs. Logan nodded genially. "Oh, yes. One cup of crushed potato chips. That's what the recipe calls for."

Sibyl frowned. "Mother, don't you remember why we came here? I believe we were going to have a scene or

My wife's voice was cold. "You still haven't answered this delightful child's question."

"You wouldn't believe this," I said to the Logans. "But my wife doesn't have a jealous bone in her body. Take X-rays, if you like."

Mrs. Logan was thoughtful. "But

"Have his teeth looked after regularly," Arlene said. "I'm afraid though that, despite everything, in a year or two..."

"Now look here," I said. "I have perfectly sound..."

"Quiet," my wife said frigidly. She smiled at Sibyl. "He's always in the

was perfectly miserable when our dog ran away."

"I just remembered," Sibyl said. "I'm under-age. A mere child of 17. I'm immature. Emotionally, that is," she added hastily. "Besides, my parents would never give their consent."

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"Of course, dear," Mrs. Logan turned to her husband. "Were you supposed to sock Mr. Roberts? For philandering? Or was it for not paying any attention at all to Sibyl?"

"Now you know I never had any such thought," Mr. Logan said, slightly hurt. "That was Elvira's idea."

Mrs. Logan smiled at me gently. "Poor Elvira. She did so want to be here with us, but she sprained her ankle this afternoon. She was furious."

"Have you ever tried substituting half a cup of cornflakes for half of the potato chips?" Arlene asked.

Mrs. Logan beamed. "Why, Mrs. Roberts, that's a wonderful idea."

Sibyl met my eyes. "Have you been happy with this woman? I mean really happy?"

There was silence while I rubbed my jaw.

"Well?" my wife asked finally. "Answer the question."

"I'm thinking about it," I said defensively. I smiled at Mrs. Logan.

"Have you tried soaking the potato chips overnight? I'll guarantee that will take out the salt."

My wife's voice was cold. "You still haven't answered this delightful child's question."

"You wouldn't believe this," I said to the Logans. "But my wife doesn't have a jealous bone in her body. Take X-rays, if you like."

Mrs. Logan was thoughtful. "But wouldn't that destroy their crispness?" "There is only one solution to this dilemma," I said. "You two girls will just have to share me. After all, half a loaf is better than none."

"I believe in compromise," Mr. Logan said. "That's why I got a double-barreled shotgun for hunting. One barrel full choke and the other modified. Covers most situations you run up against in the field."

My wife glared at me for half a minute and then turned to Sibyl. "I'll bet you can't even cook."

Sibyl smiled. "In my case, it wouldn't be necessary."

My wife breathed deeply a couple of times and then became deadly calm. "All right, dear girl. You can have him."

Sibyl blinked. "You mean..." She snapped her fingers. "Just like that?"

Arlene nodded. "Do take good care of him though. He's not as young as he used to be."

"None of us is," Mr. Logan said happily. "But the best is yet to be."

"Browning," I said mechanically.

He shook his head. "Winchester. Sixteen gauge. A sweet little gun."

"Have his teeth looked after regularly," Arlene said. "I'm afraid though that, despite everything, in a year or two..."

"Now look here," I said. "I have perfectly sound..."

"Quiet," my wife said frigidly. She smiled at Sibyl. "He's always in the best of temper. Usually, that is," she added slowly.

Sibyl's eyes went to the bruise on Arlene's cheek and widened.

"It's really nothing," Arlene said. "He doesn't hit very hard."

She laughed self-consciously. "Oh, dear. I shouldn't have said that. I'll destroy his faith in himself."

"I hit as hard as anybody," I said aggressively. "It's just that you were moving away at the time."

"Come to think of it," Mrs. Logan said, "it was Elvira who gave me the recipe. She always was a great one for salty foods."

"He's in good condition otherwise," my wife said. "As long as he takes his pills."

I got to my feet. "I guess I might as well pack a suitcase. I'll send a truck over for the tonics in the morning."

"Now just a minute," Sibyl said quickly. "I can see that I've been selfish about this. I haven't been thinking of how you must feel about this, Mrs. Roberts. After all, you're used to him."

My wife daubed at her eyes. "I'll miss him for a few days, of course. I

was perfectly miserable when our dog ran away."

"I just remembered," Sibyl said. "I'm under-age. A mere child of 17. I'm immature. Emotionally, that is," she added hastily. "Besides, my parents would never give their consent."

Mrs. Logan's eyes clouded with thought. "Didn't we celebrate her 18th birthday last week, Fred?"

Mr. Logan rocked back and forth on his heels, chewing on his lower lip reflectively. "I can't be sure, dear. But Elvira would know."

Sibyl was on her feet. "It's been nice meeting you, but we must run along. We simply must."

"Look me up any time," Mr. Logan said. "Did you say you've got a Brown-ing? Fine gun."

When they were gone, my wife leaned against the door for a moment and closed her eyes. Then she looked at me. "Well?"

"I'm happy with you," I said. "Superlatively."

She sighed with pleasure and some relief. "I'll fix supper. But I'm afraid you'll have to go to the store for some cornflakes. I'm all out."

"I don't know," I said dubiously. "Seems damp outside and you know what that does for my rheumatism. I'm not a spring rooster any more."

Arlene smiled. "Perhaps if I just soaked the potato chips for a while?"

I went to the store.